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out of the bus and it was only with difficulty that Arnold and I managed to extricate ourselves. We took a taxi, at almost greater cost than the journey from Kaolak to Dakar, to a dingy little hotel, in the old quarter of the city. To reach it we passed through the centre of Dakar. Trees lined the streets and the architecture of both offices and houses was admirably suited to its tropical setting. It was at once evident that Dakar was a city and not just a town that had, like Lagos, rambled and sprawled and got too big. With its statuesque young skyscrapers and its wide streets, Dakar seemed a model city for the new West Africa. It was neither distinctly African nor European, but had its affinity with the modern cities of South America.

Arnold, accustomed to the higgledy-piggledy, chaotic sprawl of Lagos, and the quiet Victorian dignity of Freetown, could not quite take this in. He seemed almost to resent it as an imposition on Africa, as something that was not African. True, I found that against this background the African appeared, at first, to be an intruder. Nothing seemed more incongruous than a vast Jollof belle, dressed in her traditional robes of lace and muslin, sweeping past the more outrageous examples of *cinema moderna* architecture, or standing pensively beneath a marble plaque depicting a naked African surrounded by the fruits of progress. More incongruous still was the sight of them being spooned in and out of fast American cars or staring into patisserie windows—just imagine one of those muslin cocoons tackling a chocolate éclair. Yet the Africans seemed to have accepted their surroundings with such aplomb that very soon I was to feel that it was the Europeans who were out of place. There seemed nothing unnatural in half a dozen Africans making up their bed for the night on the pavement outside a twelve-story bank, or the young men in tight jeans standing on the street corners eyeing passing girls, just like Saturday night back at the Buildings.

We stayed one night in the Hotel des Fleurs, the cheapest I could find in Dakar. It was owned by a Lebanese, and for Dakar, a city which is almost prohibitive in price for an Englishman, it was remarkably cheap. A haircut in Dakar is 12s., and it has one of the highest cost of living indices in the world.

That night when I entered a bar called appropriately 'Café de Paris', I was unable to believe that we were still in Africa. It had

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369 all the accoutrements of a Montmartre bistro, together with a
375 large, bad painting of the Sacré Coeur above the bar. Drinks were served by a tall barmaid, with long flaxen hair and make-up applied so that she looked like a German-doll. The clientele was mainly composed of soldiers from the barracks by the sea-front, but at our table sat two elegant Jollof girls, both very drunk. [548] They made it fairly clear they were prostitutes and it was not long before a policeman came to arrest the more intoxicated of the two. She spat, screamed furiously and struggled to break away. Just as she was about to enter the car, she demanded: 'Let me finish my drink.' She was allowed to return to her table, where she drank her beer slowly, eyeing us all as if we were vermin. Then just as slowly, with the comic dignity that comes so naturally to a drunk, she swept to her feet, stood with her henna'd hands on her hips, spat with incredible accuracy at the feet of a nearby soldier and shouted in a voice ringing with anger, and looking at us with contempt: 'Salauds.'

Then an African sergeant came in, asked for a drink, which [563] the flaxen doll served him. She served African and European alike. I found this hard to believe after the Gambia, where no white woman could serve drinks behind a bar to Europeans, let alone to Africans.

369 Next morning, I was even more surprised when Arnold took
563 me into a large department store and pointed to the counter-girls. Seventy-five per cent of them were white. Outside a French-woman was selling vegetables at a small stall. Of course, in this respect Dakar is exceptional for West Africa. It is the only city with a large population of Colons. Ovet 25,000 Europeans live [162] there. They came from every walk of life and have more affinity with the Colons of Algeria than anything else one can cite on the Coast. You can walk into the most ramshackle bar and yet be served by a Parisienne. You will find poor whites living in the Médina, as the African quarter is known. Each year, 'Les Girls' from a Paris night club do a season at the *Bodega*. The N'Gor Hotel and the 'Croix du Sud' are as fine as you will find in France. Dakar's Colons have re-created Paris in Africa. Most of them have never ventured out of the city, and if they had to go into 'the bush' they would probably prepare for it as though they were Mungo Park setting out to discover the Niger.

/81 cont./

361 millet. The old people assemble in the evening under the
[517] large silk-cotton tree that shades the old crumbling mosque of
[312] Takhikao. The women chatter while awaiting their turn to
draw water at the common well, while the children play in
[342] the sand. Gent stands out because of a series of small, low
houses with a rectangular base and a roof of corrugated metal,
all identical and set along the trail that leads to the marigot
[351] /watercourse/ of the mission. A garden and a courtyard, al-
[563] ways littered with laundry, characterize each concession. It
is the quarter of Portuguese half-breeds called "portugalais"
(Plates XI B and XII A).

Diakhao-Nord /North Diakhao/, quiet, airy, arranged
[363] according to a strict plan of lots, contrasts with Diakhao-Sud
with narrow, winding lanes bordered on all sides by tapades
of millet stalks and noisy in the evening. The proximity of
[275] the two military bases has made it a place where one amuses
[525] himself with all that this includes in the way of drinking
[579] shops and more or less clandestine gambling dens. Brawls be-
tween drunken men are not rare in these places.

Randoulène, Derrière-la-voie-ferrée, and Bambara,
which form a unique quarter, homogeneous in its density and
in the heterogeneity of its dwellings, have become established
in the immediate vicinity of the railroad repair shops. The
[342] huts of planks, mud, or straw stand one against the other along
[363] the winding lanes laid out according to the desire of the
moment and not without some imagination. These lanes are
[373] noisy with people, and even late at night they walk between
the small shopkeepers' stalls lighted with smoking candle ends.
351 The dense crowd flows over the edges of the street and enters
the interior of the courtyards. The latter, covering barely
[463] a few square meters, often serve as a workshop for the
[252] weaver, the blacksmith, or the jeweler, and as a kitchen for
the housewives of the neighboring huts; it is not rare to see
half a dozen millet pounders there, pounding their mortars
in rhythm in groups of two or three. This is also the gathering
[517] place /82/ /Fig. 4 appears here/ of workers, where, after
[524] work, sitting in the sand amidst the dust and the noise, in a

/84 cont./

443 [275] One corner of the plank counter, polished by the hands of customers, is often reserved for the sale of beverages that are drunk from the bottle itself. Boards and piles of sacks block the passage of the customers. There is a constant coming and going of possible customers who pass the shop fully open to the street. Some stay there for hours without buying, solely to feast their eyes. The patient Levantine, [437] arguing about the price in the native language, supervises the weights and inspects the sacks of groundnuts in order to take out the stones that may have slipped into them. The factorerie type makes it possible to imagine exactly what the commerce of the escale must have been in the first years of its establishment in the city.

European commerce is totally different. To be sure, there are still some factoreries of the type that we have just described, but for some years a real effort at modernization has changed their appearance; they are becoming metropolitan-type stores with counters of plywood, shelves of canned [438] goods, novelties from Paris... A luxury store was opened in 1950, offering buyers the latest goods from the capital: gowns, shorts, suits for men, curios of all sorts. But the nearness of Dakar, the ease of access to it, its attraction seem to be seriously limiting its sales potential.

442 443 The branches of the large commercial houses, N. O. S. O. C. O., Maurel and Prom, C. F. A. O. (11), are eight in

11. C. F. A. O.: Compagnie Française d'Afrique Occidentale.

number and practically control the local market. Each is still established in its original concession in the interior of the old escale. The courtyard that formerly held the groundnuts has been remodeled into a warehouse; the retail store has been modernized: tiling, frigidaire, and cold rooms, as well as huge shop windows that replace the small windows of former times. The wholesale store, on the other hand, has preserved its disorder: bags of cement, boards,

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was a borrower, only to have other people borrowing from him.

The morning after I had lunch with Diop I went to a Conference in the High Commission on Alcoholism. This, it appeared, was a grave problem in Dakar. The creation of the new Africa has its ugly sides, and this was perhaps one of its most ugly. A favourite drink, named after the local bus service, was the 'Car Rapide'. To make it you mix beer, methylated spirits and a drop of petrol. It is guaranteed to knock you out in one go. In Zuiginchor a more potent drink was made by adding a well-known Parisian perfume to beer.

A day before the Conference *Paris-Dakar*, the local daily newspaper, published an article on alcoholism in M'Backé, a large Senegalese town:

ALCOHOLISM MUST BE FOUGHT

An all out police attack is needed and would be appreciated to seek out and rid our town of a gang of drunks of both sexes who spend their time in the small shops and sordid bars which are hidden all over the town in the guise of restaurants and small eating places.

Most of the proprietors of these cafés add to their miserable occupations that of pimping. Favouring alcoholism, they nevertheless indulge in all revolting forms of debauchery.

In most parts of our town one finds these small cafés nicely divided, serving as homes and places of business.

A few posts in the ground, a roof of polished tiles, a wooden fence and there you have the ideal café.

The interior of these hovels is divided into small compartments with no ventilation and on the ground a few mattresses covered with dirty blankets. The decoration consists of a few old newspapers pasted here and there to keep out the sun. The bar stock lies among packing cases and hidden under the mattresses. In holes made for the purpose are bottles of wine, red, rosé and white, and beer.

To cover up this business known to be officially disliked, the café proprietors keep a kitchen where periodically they prepare meals, hygienically leaving a lot to be desired.

In these sordid places, the atmosphere heavy with noxious smells, they give themselves up to their anti-social pastimes. Debauchery has been given a home here. These are also the rendezvous of scoundrels and receivers of stolen goods.

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After the great Magal de Touba[1] our town inherited bands of homeless among whom were notorious criminals.

Alcoholism was not the only form of moral decadence in a city like Dakar. Actually crimes of violence, robbing and murder were almost unknown. There were rarely any reference to them in the papers, and a police officer assured me that this was true. However, one read frequently of crimes of passion, such as a man stabbing his friend to death in the course of a quarrel.

There was, I was told, an enormous amount of prostitution in Dakar. I was shown one of the city's more notorious brothels in Rebeusse suburb, a rambling shack that had been raided more than once by police. On the whole prostitution is not organized because of legal difficulties. A number of prostitutes were white women, who receive patronage mainly from Lebanese and Syrians. I was told of one who went around the Médina in a small car, serving the local population.

On the other hand homosexuality had a much freer rein, being prevalent amongst Africans, Mauretanians and Europeans alike. In Place Prôtet, the main square of Dakar, young African boys, more often than not Jollofs, could be seen waiting to be picked up. Under the Code Napoleon it is, of course, legal, and in theory presents no problem, though many people are worried by its spread in the city.

Of course, to many of these boys with no work, it is one way of making money. But amongst the Jollofs it seems to be more deeply rooted. Contact with Frenchmen in St. Louis, who often preferred black boys to black mistresses and contact with the Mauretanians may provide an explanation.

Today one can even see Jollof men dressed in women's clothes. I once met one in a small bar outside Dakar. He was obviously pathetically feminine. The Jollof must be used to this since they even have a word for them—Gor-Digen. The elders and faithful Muslims condemn men for this, but it is typical of African tolerance that they are left very much alone by the rest of the people.

One reason for the growing tendency of Jollof men to remain bachelors to an age much older than is usual in Africa, if not for their homosexuality, is the character of the Jollof women.

[1] Celebration of Birth of Prophet.

/85 cont./

443 while the housewife attends to her tasks, the oldest child makes the sale (12).

12. According to an economic investigation made by Mr. Mersadier in Thiès, the returns from these sales[1] do not exceed ten francs profit per day (Bulletin de l'I.F.A.N., July-Oct., 1955, series B, p. 411).

[434] [433]

Thus, the commerce in Thiès (and certainly in most of the cities of French West Africa) is diffused among all of the layers of the society and at the same time has adapted itself extremely well there. The branches of important commercial houses, which in the beginning were violently opposed to this diffusion not controlled directly by them, quickly understood all the benefits that they could draw from this new situation.

463 Paralleling this extension of commerce, the working class, to a more limited extent, has also taken on much greater importance. To the traditional artisans, potters, jewelers, and smiths have been added activities more modern in inspiration: photographers, clockmakers, repairers of phonographs, bicycles, or even trucks, and, in another category of enterprises, small restaurant keepers and /86/ proprietors of drink shops. Finally, the establishment of European artisans (hairdressers, pastry cooks, etc.) is a specific phenomenon of the social evolution in African cities since the last war, and Thiès is not escaping it.

[265] [275] [178]

2. Industry.

498 The industrial activity of Thiès gravitates principally around the repair shops of the Dakar-Niger (13). The

13. The two phosphate quarries opened by the Société Péchiney some 15 kilometers from the city (Pallo and Lam-Lam)

[317] [464] [162]

1 [ie, by "doorstep" merchants - ANALYST]